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FRANK E. HANSCOM, Principal,
BETHEL, MAINE.

The Academy Herald

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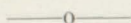
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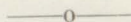


In presenting this issue of the "Herald," we wish to call attention to the possibilities which our school publication holds for advancing the interests of the institution. Not only does it have a large circulation among the students and friends of the school, but many copies are sent to those who are practically strangers to Gould's. No one can tell into whose hands these copies may fall. It is the old story of the little candle sending its rays far into the world. This is an age of advertising. To succeed, a thing must be brought before the people. Gould's Academy is one of the best of secondary schools. It has many superior advantages and facilities. Let this be known! The "Herald" furnishes one of the best advertising mediums for our Academy. It devolves upon you, students and friends of the school, to

give each successive issue of our "Herald" a wider circulation, not only to insure the success of our publication, but also to increase the popularity of "dear old Gould's," to whose welfare we are so earnestly devoted.



An all pervading school spirit and an abiding loyalty to Gould's Academy will do more than any other thing to win success. Why shouldn't every student be loyal to his school? It is under her influence that we are being trained for manhood and womanhood and a staunch loyalty is the best return for her efforts in our behalf. The student who upholds the rules and principles of his school becomes a respected, law-abiding citizen. May we each make a special effort to be more loyal to our school, our class, our athletic teams and all the school interests.



"How much you are to get out of your school depends largely on you—not the teacher, not the building, not the text-books, not the course of study. There is an enormous investment of money all over the country for schools. The biggest bill for most towns is the school bill. How much do you expect to get out of it? Will you waste your time and the nation's money by not using it all to the best advantage? Did you ever realize that by killing time, fooling, and not studying, you were cheating yourself out of a great investment as well as a great opportunity?

You are not fooling the teacher or beating the game, as you are cheating yourself.

"Here are some hints from a fellow who has been through the mill, and wishes now he had made more of the school days which are only a memory:

"Don't aim simply to get by or even to get high marks; master your subject. It makes a whole lot of difference which has the whip hand, you or Latin grammar. If you are beginning a new language or any new subject, get a good start; learn the fundamentals; it will make the work so much pleasanter in the days to come. I know a fellow whose pet aversion was languages. The time came for him to take Hebrew. It looked like a monster, but he made up his mind he would master it at the beginning—and the same grit that made him a good football player won for him the Hebrew prize.

"Don't pick out simply the easy studies and the 'snaps.' It is a good thing to follow your liking and your bent, but it is also a bad thing always to follow the path of least resistance. A high school teacher said to a boy who was planning his studies for the next year, 'It seems to me that you are always looking for the easiest thing.' The boy looked up at her in astonishment and asked, 'Doesn't everybody?'

"No! Some people see the value of the study that makes them work. You get out of a study just what you put into it.

"Don't simply get your lesson. Don't simply learn by heart or rote. Don't

simply try to make a good recitation. Don't be a parrot and repeat just what others say. Don't be a sponge and just soak up information. Be a man and think. Man is the thinking animal. Quit being a machine to grind out facts or figures. Think over, think about, think through your lesson. It is far more important to learn to think than to learn geometry, Latin, or embroidery. Then learn to tell what you think in your own language, and you have the basis of a good education."

NO CROSS, NO CROWN.

Some sorrow, disappointment, and some pain
Must needs be borne as on life's way we
plod,

If we would truly seek to please our GOD—
Some long loved, long sought pleasures sought
in vain.

Some loathed task done not for praise or
gain,

Some hidden, lone, and weary path be trod,
Perchance the knee be bent at other's nod,
Our neighbors' faults be known without dis-
dain,

If we true peace and pleasure here would
win,

Or everlasting joy and bliss would know
When we our mortal bodies off do throw
And new ones take all free from taint of sin.

Some cross, please GOD, by us must needs
be borne

If e'er by us a crown be won and worn.

C. A. F., '07.

MEMORIES AWAKENED BY THE OLD TAVERN.

Under the dense shade of the elms, no children are playing. Behind the vine screen of the piazza is no gay company of lads and lassies. There is no clinking of glasses at the old bar, no stir of feet in the old kitchen. All is silent and deserted. The curtains at the windows hang by a mere thread but there is no hand to repair the damage. The luxuriant woodbine needs trimming but no one comes to do it. The roses bloom and fade and no one notes their coming or going. The old sign swings and creaks dismally as if mourning for the prosperous times that are past. The friends of the old tavern are dead and gone.

One hundred years ago the place was in its youth. To this fine new building John Stanwood and his bride came. He was tall, straight and sturdy; she, lithe and graceful. They came on their wedding day, straight to the new home each looking hopefully into the future. They were sure to succeed. The sign proudly bearing the name of the new proprietor was put out. Life now began in earnest. At first business was poor but spirits were high and hardships borne bravely.

Then the children came, Lois, Charles, William, Martha and Mary. Cares came thick and fast. Now the form of the mother grew bowed and bent with care and she lost the beauty of her earlier days. There were stockings to knit, yarn to spin, cloth to weave, and clothes to make for the growing girls and boys. Cooking, washing, mending and sweeping were also a part of the daily routine.

The cares of the husband too were numerous. Besides his duties as host and bartender the oversight of a large farm demanded time and strength. The

town also honored its representative citizen with offices productive of much work and responsibility.

The family finances flourished but as time went on, one by one, the children became grown and left the old homestead for broader fields of action.

The husband and wife became too old and decrepit for such busy lives as they were leading. By degrees the company at the old tavern grew less and less until none came. Then the old couple settled down to a peaceful old age; their lives brightened by the occasional visits of the grandchildren.

The principal recreation of the old gentleman was his visits to the country store where he sat down and regaled the loafers with stories of adventure far surpassing anything yet written. After an hour's chat, he would wake up the lame and deaf old dog and the two would limp painfully home again. Thus the last years of his life passed quickly away. His steps grew more and more feeble until he came no more. His wife, the faithful partner of his joys and sorrows, soon followed him and the place was left alone.

Today in the old kitchen still stands the combination chair and table. The work basket filled with half emptied spools sits on the little stand between the windows. A pair of steel bowed glasses lie on the window sill by the armchair as if just placed there by a trembling hand. The brown pitcher that used always to be filled with cider sits on the table.

This room has been so inseparably connected with the life of its mistress that we can look back through the vista of years and almost see her moving quickly about doing the morning baking. As we look the step grows slower and the eyes more dim. The path from the pantry to the stove has become worn by those weary feet.

Here is the little bedroom where a

little life watched and loved so tenderly by the mother went out to the great unknown.

The floor of the parlor is covered with a rag carpet and the carpet in turn is protected by rugs of bright rags. On the table placed primly in the center of the room is a photograph album containing the pictures of the children in the various stages from infancy to middle age. The little folks with their short sleeves and the women's hoop skirts bring the memory of a time that is past. There are Holland shades at the windows through which the light falls in bars upon the dusty high backed rocking chairs.

Here is the winding stair and the little room that Mary the baby of the family always had, what a homely little tragedy it has witnessed! It used to see two happy children each night jump into bed with no care for the future, no thought of evil. Years go by. The two girls still have the same room. No lines of care mar their bright faces. They come to young lady-hood. Now at night time, they tell each other their little secrets and their hopes and fears. The time soon comes when both leave the little room in the dear old home.

The chamber is now empty save for an occasional visitor.

At last however it has an occupant. Who is it? You would scarcely know if her face was familiar to you in the olden time, for grief has wrought great changes there. It is the baby Julia, the darling of the mother.

She married against the advice of her people and their advice proved good. For now in the last stages of an incurable disease she returns to ask the forgiveness of her parents and a resting place for her weary head and that of an infant son. Here in the old room she dies, leaving behind an additional care for the old people.

So, as we go from room to room, we hear, as it were, a sad story. Each has its little history. Each has its lesson for us which the poet briefly expresses in these words:

"The world is not a play ground: it is a school room.

Life is not a holiday but an education."

M. T.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

There was once a very little girl who objected strenuously to her mother's having callers. When visitors rang the bell she would run to the door, and with the most angelic smile in the world, wave her hand, and say, "Good-bye, goodbye."

It must be confessed that when our class entered Gould's Academy we regarded the years of study much as the little girl regarded her mother's callers. We wished them to go by as quickly as possible. But today we feel that we would gladly have them come back to stay. With all our hearts we say "Goodbye," reverently giving the word its old, sacred meaning, "God be with you."

Friends and Alumni of Gould's Academy:—

All through these four years we have received countless kindnesses from your hands. We have made many demands upon you, and you have never failed to respond generously. You have sewed for our school fairs, cooked for our school suppers, attended our school entertainments. Perhaps at times you may have thought us wanting in gratitude, but we assure you that we have always deeply appreciated your friendly interest.

And beyond this kindness and gen-

erosity to our class and our school as a whole, in the heart of each of us are memories of many personal kindnesses—things that have helped us and made us happier during these years. When we have gone out into the world, and "made good," as we hope to do, we shall look back gratefully upon these gracious words and deeds, and they will have an even deeper significance than now.

Much of what we are to be will be the outcome, direct and indirect, of our associations with you. What we are to make of ourselves Time alone will show. It is for us to endeavor not to be unworthy before you, our friends.

Honored Trustees of Gould's Academy:—

In one respect we are different from most classes—none of us has ever met you in your official capacity. Of course, we all know you as friends, some of us having more or less personal relations with members of your honorable body, but, fortunately, no one of our class ever was called before your august assembly to make amends for a misdemeanor. But, nevertheless, we have known that you were there, ready, and this knowledge has had a restraining influence, and doubtless has done much to keep us from transgression.

One hears much of the spirit of irreverence in these days. Formerly, young people were supposed to regard with awe their elders and betters. But of late years this attitude has changed. While revering and respecting older and wiser people we have learned to consider them personal friends. There is no lessening of respect, but an increasing of affection and regard. On ordinary days we do not quake before you, as our parents would have done, but we look upon you all as our good friends.

We thank you for your presence and patient attention.

Beloved Principal and Teachers:—

With love and gratitude we turn to you. Love and gratitude for what you have been to us during the last four years; for the atmosphere you have created in which we have worked and played; for your kindness; for your patience, which we must have many times tried; for the wisdom that has spurred and directed and restrained us. For we hope that we have the grace today to thank you not only for giving, but for sometimes withholding.

When we look back from the vantage ground of years which have tested our training, for what shall we most thank you? Will it not be for accurate scholarship, to which you have endeavored to train us, and which is the tool to help us in making our way in the world; for the power to work, and to concentrate upon one object, for which you have taught us to strive; for stimulating in us the love of books and the enthusiasm for learning, which open worlds upon worlds of happiness and power; for inciting us to the love of noble ideals, and inspiring us to seek high levels of thought and action; lastly, perhaps most of all, for your constant teaching of the difficult lesson of self control.

The mother of a brilliant but worthless regent of France once said of her son, "The fairies brought to his cradle every gift—except one, and that was the gift of knowing how to use his gifts." You, dear teachers, like good fairies in modern guise, have given us these many gifts. It is for us to prove to you that we possess the power to use them.

Schoolmates:—

Although we have been in school with you a long time—perhaps because we have been—it is probable that you do not fully appreciate our worth. But when we are gone, you

will realize how much we have been to you, and what really remarkable young persons we are. In years to come, when mention is made of some eminent man or woman you will proudly say: "Oh yes, I went to school with him—or her. He—or she—was in the class of 1914 at Gould's Academy. Of course, much older than I." (They always say that.) Then how impressed all your friends will be!

But we assure you that we realize how much your friendship has meant to us. We are fond of you all, individually and collectively. As we go out from school we beg you to think of us kindly, to forget our faults, and to remember only our virtues.

We hope that when you go back to school next fall you will miss, a little, these comrades with whom you have so long studied and played.

Dear Classmates:—

We have reached a critical point in our lives. The time has come when we are to decide upon the way which we shall henceforth travel. Let us each choose some goal and work toward it, remembering that "not failure, but low aim, is crime." We must always bear in mind that the only true success in life is faithfulness to one's ideal, and that devotion to duty is in itself religion. We must let no discouragements deter us in our course; we must take what comes and make the best of it. Whatever we do, we must strive always to keep ourselves pure and honorable in the eyes of our friends and of our God.

If life is hard, we must be brave. Perhaps at some crisis we shall look back upon this day. We shall remember, and at the remembering, the old youthful confidence will return to us, bringing new strength, and new joy, and new power to face the world.

COMMUNICATIONS.

Dear Schoolmates:—

In telling about our life here at Smith, probably the most natural way to begin would be to tell you where we live and meet for classes and social functions. The students live in large dormitories, both on and off the campus. Chapel is held every morning in the auditorium, which seats about twenty-five hundred people. All concerts, recitals, and lectures are held here also. Being one of the newest buildings the students are proud of it, both on account of the building itself and the fine organ.

Most of the recitations are conducted in College and Seelye Halls. In the basement of Seelye is found the note room, one of the most popular and interesting places for the girls, for here the students exchange all their notes.

Music Hall has the studios of all the music faculty, besides the practice rooms for both vocal and instrumental work. A story is told of a stranger who was impressed, like most of us, with the distracting uproar issuing from this building. Knowing of the existence of the State Asylum in the city he remarked that he considered it strange for the people of Northampton to have their asylum so near the street.

There are three science halls, a well equipped gymnasium, a library, and an unusually fine art gallery. We have just been having an interesting course of lectures given by an art critic from the British Museum. The library is situated in the center of the campus, and, unlike many of our buildings, has large lawns on all sides. The only criticism of our campus which other colleges can make is that it is a little crowded; but President Burton said a short time ago, it was what he called a "cosy and compact campus."

Around these buildings centers the entire college life, for in them we spend most of our time, not only in work, but also in recreation. Games, teas, class gatherings, and dances all have their place in our idea of a well-rounded college life.

With very best wishes to you all,
Marian A. Mansfield, G. A., '14.

Nashota, Wis., Dec. 6, 1914.

Students of Gould's Academy:—

When it was my privilege to study the same lessons in the same rooms you now use, on the wall over the Principal's desk, where all who studied or recited in the room could clearly see it, was the motto, "To thine ownself be true." If it is still there, as I hope it is, how many of you who see it daily stop to think of the wealth of meaning there is in those words for each one of you? "To thine ownself be true." What does it mean to be true to self? In a few words, let me tell you.

1. Never waste your time: make every minute count for something worth while.

2. Be perfectly honest in your work: never present yourself in class when your lesson is not properly prepared. Never use questionable means to obtain a legitimate end.

3. Countenance nothing beneath the highest attainable standard of morality and good manners in and out of school.

4. Do nothing yourself which you would condemn in others.

5. Remember that the best good for all in the school is the best good for each individual in it; and nothing ought to be considered the best good for any one which can not safely be considered the best good for all.

6. There is no such thing as standing still in the intellectual or the moral

life: there is either progress or retrogression.

7. Progress means work—hard work—and work all the time.

8. Never get discouraged, never give up: always pick yourself up and press on; let temporary failure be a spur to goad you on.

9. Remember the words of Thomas A'Kempis, "If you bear the Cross cheerfully, it will bear thee, and lead thee, to the desired end, namely, where there shall be an end of suffering, though here there shall not be.

"If thou bear it unwillingly, thou makest for thyself a new burden, and increasest thy load, and yet notwithstanding thou must bear it."—"The Imitation of Christ," Book II, Part V.

Other suggestions might be added but these few will help you to know what it means to be true to yourself.

Believe me a devoted son of Gould's and your well wisher,

Charles A. Forbes, '07.

MEMORIAL SERVICE IN HONOR OF MORRIS PRATT.

Wednesday afternoon, December 2, the annual memorial service in honor of Morris Pratt was held at Gould's Academy. A cordial invitation was extended to relatives and friends of the students and a large number were present.

In opening the exercises Principal Hanscom gave the following brief address:

It has been well said that nothing in the world is so base as ingratitude. I think it may be said with equal truth that nothing more clearly indicates a truly fine character than a quick and responsive recognition of favors received and of service rendered.

Nov. 29th has come to be closely associated with Thanksgiving Day in our school calendar, for on this day, as on Thanksgiving Day, we are reminded to count our blessings; and we cannot do this without grateful recognition of one in whose memory much has been done, and is still being done for our school.

Nov. 29th is the anniversary of the birth of Morris Pratt, whose manly, earnest young life went out here among our Bethel hills; and in view of what his parents have done for our school, in his memory, it is fitting that some suitable recognition of the day be made here in the school which is the recipient of their bounty; fitting that we pause in our work long enough to impress upon our inner consciousness this thought; that no one's influence ends with life, and that the power for good of a life well-lived—however brief its span—will go on and on in increasing ratio to the end of time. I believe this is especially true of the young life whose memory we honor today.

This is but one of many lessons that may be gathered from this occasion. Others will no doubt be called to your attention in the address which is to follow; but for the solace of those who knew and loved Morris Pratt in life, and who still yearn for the sound of his voice, though they will always carry its echo in their hearts, I would bring those beautiful words of James Whitcomb Riley:

"I cannot say, and I will not say
That he is dead—He is just away,
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the
hand,

He has wandered into an unknown land,
And left us dreaming how very fair

It needs must be, since he lingers there
And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return,—

Think of him faring on, as dear
 In the love of There as the love of Here;
 Think of him still as the same, I say;
 He is not dead—he is just away."

Mr. Wm. J. Upson sang "The Task" and "When Love Is Done," accompanied by Miss Herrick, after which Miss Blanche Herrick gave a piano solo.

The following address was then given by Mrs. J. G. Gehring:

OUR LITTLE DARK EARTH.

It seems to have become an unwritten law that I should bring to you young people an annual message on this beloved birthday, as well as to be the honored messenger who is permitted to be the bearer of a generous gift to this school,—in the living memory of Morris Pratt.

Four birthdays have come to him in the higher life, and this is the fourth occasion we have met to recognize and recall the beauty of his life, and the spirit with which his departure from earth has been met by the parents, who bear the never-ceasing sense of loss with sublime courage, and unselfish thought for others. Possible only to the developed Christian is such a grief so transformed into action.

Each year that we meet I feel a deepened sense of the influence this young man's life has had upon us all.

"Secure from change in their high-hearted ways," such as he, "come transfigured back"—and always, to those who love them, immortally young.

We are all of us blessed by the priceless example of the life whose birthdays we tenderly remember!

In thinking of Morris Pratt this last year I have found myself wondering what developed powers are his, what unfolded faculties, in what fair fields of effort and of growth he has found himself expanding since he went away.

The possibilities for our on-going

souls in God's boundless, resourceful Universe have grown vividly interesting, as I have thought upon the great realities so soon to be ours,—and so I have been wondering. To wonder is to reverence.

Physicians tell us that when a little child grows from months into years with no awakening interest in the bright toy, or flower, or the song of the bird—that it must be sorrowfully acknowledged that such a poor little child is a defective. He has no capacity to wonder at anything.

Mazzini, the great Italian Statesman said, "A man learns nothing if he has not learned to wonder."

What I have thought of as a message for you to-day may surprise you. I hope it will waken wonder in your minds, and, later on, reverence in your souls.

I am going to tell you some things about our home. Did you know that you and I live on a little dark star—called the Earth?

Already you are calling me with questioning looks. "What can Mrs. Gehring mean by calling this great round world of ours, 'little?' Why it takes weeks and weeks to get around it by fast trains and steamers. There are wide oceans and seas, and lakes like seas, and long ranges of snow-capped mountains. And why, with this dazzling light by day and the moon and stars so friendly by night does she call us a dark earth?

"Have we not been told that the wisest scientific men who have spent their lives in studying its structure and its myriad forms of life say that there are depths below depths of knowledge that have never been reached: 'Little dark earth', indeed!"

Now you are wondering—and growing. Perhaps you are saying, "This is a very important round world."

This is a marvellous earth. There is

so much to know about in it, that we can never learn it all—and the more we know, the more eager we are to learn—and its value to us is beyond words to express.

Our beautiful earth, with all its life and interests, is still only a dark star, depending upon the sun to make it possible for fruits and flowers, animals and man to live upon it, and is so small in comparison to the sun that its size is like a tiny grain of mustard-seed compared to a large apple, and the moon, which is our earth's obliging lady-in-waiting and always accompanies her in her travels around the sun, is only a quarter as large as a grain of mustard-seed in comparison to the big yellow apple. Now you can see why I call it our little earth.

There are other planets, seemingly like it, around our sun—some even nearer than ours, which is the third nearest, and some very far away, for our earth is not all that our sun shines upon. Our sun is only one of a million of suns, and rather a small one at that. There are suns that send out thousands of times as much light and heat as ours. But ours is just right for the size of our little dark star. Ours gives us flowers, and harvests, and lovely summer days, and here, in Bethel, lets a nice white mantle wrap all the little green things in the earth so that they have a long winter's nap.

But you shall know more reasons why I call this our little dark earth. Beyond the sun and moon, beyond a horizon so far removed that the astronomers dare not guess their distances—are the stars.

On a clear night your young eyes looking up above Bethel can see, some say, 6000; the great telescopes are said to reveal a hundred million. The nearest of these stars is so far away that all ordinary measurements fail, but astronomers have decided that from some

stars light must have travelled a hundred years to reach our eyes to-night. The light that started when Napoleon was banished to Elba in 1814 will just reach Bethel to-night; and light travels at the rate of 186,000 miles a second. It has had to travel more than 600 trillions of miles.

There is a little group called the Pleiades—so far away that they look like glowworms in a midst. This group is a million times farther from us than the sun. Many of these stars are hundreds of times larger than our sun—and the spaces between these little points of light are billions of miles long. Oh, these star-spaces! What are we upon this little star,—so helpless, amid powers so awful. We sometimes feel afraid of the star-spaces—they are so far beyond our comprehension.

We have seen the immeasurable, now we will look at the infinitesimal. That means we have seen the great, now we will look at the tiny.

Turn over an old log and see the scattering and scampering of little insects. If you are fortunate enough to have a friend who is an entomologist, like Dr. Gehring, he will tell you many a charming story of the life and habits and, possibly, whims of these differing little creatures. They are in families, governed by certain laws, and as careful provision is made for their food and home, as though they were as large as a star. And such myriads of them. One kind of insect called a beetle, has over 12,000 species in our country, and there are countless little creatures, too tiny to be studied away from the eye of the microscope. And this is only one of many branches of study about the earth-star.

Watch an ant-hill. See the plan of life shown therein. See the beaver building his dam; the squirrel becoming a "good provider" with his store of nuts; the wonderful community

that lives in a bee-hive,—and you will do some more wondering—and will see that the Great Power that can keep all these planets and suns in order, can also arrange for the humblest little living creature on this little dark Earth, which cannot even do its own lighting. Now when you have thought a little while about what I have been telling you,—you will surely wonder—for you are very intelligent young people—some of you are full of thoughtfulness—and then you will, I hope, go farther on in the road of growth, and learn to reverence!

Do you wonder that all the early “primitive” people, all those who have had no help from other more developed men, have fallen on their knees and looking up to the skies have asked protection, and all kinds of material blessings at first, and, after a while, have grown to long for a friendly relationship between their lonely, frightened, needy souls—and the Creator of this marvelous Universe?

Can you see how the North American Indian prayed to the Great Spirit?

Now listen—it’s the history of the world, through all ages, that man has recognized that there is a great Power that made and rules this Universe.

Here are you and I on this little dark Earth,—so small we should feel we were of no consequence—but for one thing,—you and I can think about these awe-inspiring things. We are able to see the stars and the tiny insect, and learn about them. There has something been born with us that makes us able to know God—and it’s our first business while on this little dark Earth where he has placed you and me for a little while—to know him, first as a Creator, and then to find that it is a blessed privilege to have him as a dear care-taking Father and tender Mother, whom we can know just in proportion as we listen to that won-

derful thing we call conscience—and which is really a trumpet-call out of the sky.

Twenty centuries ago a bright light, not of the greatest of the suns, fell upon this earth, and fell upon the dark hearts of men and women. This light was a reflection from the great Creator whom we have been taught is like a Father to us. In Christ’s life we see what the Father is like, and we see what we must try to be like that we may be the dear children of this great God who rules the suns and the stars.

When we have all learned to walk by the wonderful light that Christ throws on our path, there will be no more wars,—until then, there will be many.

We are here, dear boys and girls of Old Gould’s—living together, in Bethel, upon this little dark Earth. We do not know where in God’s great wonderfully-planned Universe we are going when we are through with what this world has to give us, but one thing we may be sure of,—whatever is right and noble, pure, unselfish, brave, and tender here, is the same wherever the soul of man goes. If the best things are true here—they are true in the farthest stars, and by taking this great Light as our guide we need not fear to go forth alone, as Morris Pratt so quietly went, out from his stately home, his family and friends—into a life far wider and more wonderful than this little dark Earth can give us.

It is for us to find out all the uses of this star we are on—for we shall not come back to re-learn these lessons. An old man of eighty, who was living a radiantly happy old age, was asked why he kept some study continually occupying his mind. His reply was, “Because I hope to be just so much more able to grasp my new lessons awaiting me.” A famous astronomer, upon making a great discovery, cried

out, "O God, I am thinking Thy thoughts after Thee."

All true education is just that, dear young people—in every study, in everything fine and lovely—we are thinking God's thoughts after Him, and so we must think hard while we are upon this small star to get all we can of its wonders—and with confident hope expect to find in God's great universe far more to wonder at, to reverence, and enjoy.

This is what Morris Pratt's fourth birthday away from our star has meant to me, and so I share my thoughts with you, who in Gould's Academy are being daily blessed through his life.

Mrs. I. H. Wight sang a lullaby and in closing the students sang "The Lord Is My Shepherd."

ALUMNI PERSONALS.

1914.

Miss Vera Holt, married to Charles W. Haskell, of Portland, Maine.

Miss Marian Mansfield, attending Smith College.

Mr. Alton Bartlett, attending Shaw's Business College, Portland, Maine.

Miss Margaret C. Herrick, attending Mt. Holyoke College.

Miss Margaret E. Herrick, teaching at Sunday River.

Miss Edla Kendall, teaching at Newry.

Miss Helen Baker, teaching at Newry.

Percy Farnham, attending Bowdoin College.

Effie Bernier Merrill, teaching in Grafton.

1913.

Miss Alice Swan, married June 25, to Dr. E. L. Brown of Bethel.

Miss Carrie King, recently married to Paul Loring, resides in Campton, N. H.

Ralph Abbott, obliged to leave his studies at Bowdoin on account of his eyes.

Miss Edith B. Kimball, married to John Howe, '12, of East Bethel.

Miss Eva Bean, sophomore at Colby College, Waterville.

Carroll Valentine, attending Dartmouth College.

Winfield Wight, attending Bowdoin College.

Ralph Young and Miss Erma Thurston, recently married in Bethel.

1912.

Miss Florence Springer, teacher in Bethel Grammar School.

Miss Jean Taylor, married Nov. 1, to Everett C. Smith, Bethel.

Miss Gladys Bartlett, teaching at Mason.

Harold Rich, at Williams College.

Elmon Jordan, recently married to Miss Mary E. Conroy of Mechanic Falls, Maine, resides in Bethel.

Lawrence Philbrook, attending U. of M.

1911.

Miss Lula Cummings, recently married to Howard Hutchins of Bethel.

Miss Blanche Richardson, teacher in Bethel Grammar School.

Leslie E. Davis and Marie Swan, married Oct. 4, 1914, reside in Portsmouth, N. H.

Miss Edith Hastings, Class of 1904, teacher of elocution and physical culture at Muskegon, Mich.

Bertha Wiley Gehring, '96, married to Mr. Chase, resides in Portland, Me.

Miss Jane Gibson, '86, married to Fred N. Goodspeed, resides in Pomona, Cal.

Alton Richardson, 1904, taking graduate work at U. of M.

A CREED FOR HIGH SCHOOL PUPILS.

(Written as a regular class exercise by a boy in the senior class of the Winchester, Mass., High School.)

To be kind and gracious at all times; to be thoughtful and not needlessly hurt or offend anyone by word or deed; to be honest in all dealings, including studies; to be purposeful, always working with a definite end in view; to be humble in success, taking defeat without bitterness; to be optimistic and at the same time to be determined to make that optimism justified; to be democratic, judging people by themselves and not their possessions; last, but not by any means least, to put the best there is in you into whatever you attempt; these are the ideals which lead to real success.



QUOTATIONS APPLIED

"Being all fashioned of the self same dust,
Let us be merciful as well as just!"

Readers of the Herald.

"For him the teacher's chair became a throne."

Prof. Hanscom.

"Comb down his hair;
Look! Look! It stands up-right."

George Mundt.

"On their own merits modest men are dumb."

Harrie Brown.

"So sentimental and so winsome."

Blanche Herrick.

"The man that blushes is not quite a brute."

Charles Bartlett.

"As merry as the day is long."

Naomi Smith.

"Keep thy lips from whispering and thy feet from scraping the floor."

Sophomore English Class.

"None but himself can be his parallel."

Frank Bean.

"Sober as a judge."

Elwin Wilson.

"Her air, her manners, all who saw admir'd;
Courteous though coy, and gentle though retir'd."

Nellie Harrington.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,
Take care, take care."

Ruby Ashby.

"We meet thee like a pleasant thought."

Ruth Brown.

"She is a scholar, and a ripe and good
one."

Muriel Park.

"An open-hearted maiden, true and pure."

Alice Brown.

"We make up in quality what we lack in
quantity."

German Class.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

Writing Class.

"I dare do all that may become a man."

Elmer Bean.

"The mildest manners and the gentlest
heart."

Helen Clark.

"The grass stoops not she treads on it
so light."

Ernestine Philbrook.

"He wears the rose of youth upon him."

William Hastings.

"'Tis vain to seek in men for more than
man."

Fernly Norton.

"Ye Gods! annihilate but time and space,
And make two lovers happy."

Harry Young et al.

"Her very smiles are sweeter far
Than those of other maidens are."

Florence Chapman.

"Essayous."

Junior French.

"Lips never part but that they show
Of precious pearls a double row."

Miss Herriek.

"Unthinking, idle, wild, and young."

Alton Hutchinson.

"The joy of youth and health her eyes dis-
played,

And ease of heart her every look convey'd."

Marjorie Allen.

"My only books were woman's looks

And folly's all they taught me."

Winfield Howe.

"Her cheeks like apples which the sun
had ruddied."

Nina Briggs.

"Rush along and do not fear,

If you don't pass

Come back next year."

The Seniors.

"GRACEfully tall."

Grace Dearden.

"She's all my fancy painted her;

She's lovely;

She's divine."

James Hayford.

"'Tis modesty that makes her seem al-
most divine."

Eva Bartlett.

"They are too fresh to keep,

Too green to eat,

Why not throw them away?"

The Freshmen.

"My meaning I express in words most plain;

All art of converse hold I in disdain;

Pointed, direct and true, whate'er betide,

My speech veers not to suit the wind or
tide."

Dorothy Hutchins.

"A womanly girl; her worth reflects it-
self in every act."

Hazel Arno.

"He is a man, take him for all in all,

Who is tall, tall, supremely tall."

George Ellingwood.

"Love seldom haunts the breast where
learning lies."

Marion Frost.

"With a smile that was childlike and
bland."

Harris Hamlin.

"You love a man of the right sort,
Although in stature he is small;
But, 'Better to have loved a short
Than never to have loved a tall!'"

Edith Somerville.

"He smiled at many though he loved but
one."

Charles Small.

"I have no other than a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so."

Ermine Rabideau.

"I stood among them but not of them."

Harold Chapman.

"A steam engine in trousers."

Edgar Inman.

"Wanted.—Something to cure swelled
heads."

Freshman Boys.

"A maid who ne'er would turn from duty's
way;
And in whose life the good must e'er hold
sway."

Ruth Elliot.

"Please call it golden; call it not red,
The beautiful hair on the top of his head."

Roger Sloan.

"Studious devotion to her books she pays,
While much of sunshine brightens all her
days."

Annie Cummings.

"He stands in noble manhood's early
prime."

Mr. Moore.

"Those about her, from her shall read the
perfect ways of honor."

Miss Pratt.

"Say much in few words."

Those Who Write Compositions.

"A maiden to whom was given
So much of earth,
So much of heaven."

Mabel Bailey.

"He had no malice in his mind;
No ruffles on his shirt."

Anson Kendall.

"Regando morimur."

Ancient History Class.

"Her stature tall; I hate a dumpy woman."
Gladys Davis.

"He daily dreams these morning hours
away."

Archie Buck.

"His heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every art."

Vivian Hutchins.

"A faultless body and a blameless mind."
Kathryn Hanscom.

"And what he greatly thought
He nobly dar'd."

Virgil Wight.

"Why stay on earth unless we grow?"
Homer Bartlett.

"Verily thou talkest large for one small
man."

Lawrence Kimball.

"Her heart, like the moon is always chang-
ing."

Alice Gunther.

"What's in a name."

Eugene Addison Van Den Kerekhoven.

"Love seldom enters his breast."

Leo Cole.

"I have a beard a-coming."

Herbert Bean.

"She is good as she is fair;
None—none on earth above her!
As pure in thoughts as angels are;
To know her is to love her."

Miss Whitmore.

"A loyal, just and upright gentleman."

Robert Hastings.

"If I could not be a flirt, what would be
the use of living?"

Violet Morrill.

"Truth is not always to be told."

The Rest.

COMMENCEMENT, 1914.

Commencement week opened with the baccalaureate sermon by Prof. James Lukens McConaughy of Bowdoin College. Special music was under the able direction of Dr. I. H. Wight. The church was most beautifully decorated. The class colors draped the organ, and the chancel and altar was banked with apple blossoms and evergreen. Prof. McConaughy is a magnetic and impressive speaker and the large audience was deeply impressed by his forceful address.

Monday and Tuesday was given to examinations.

The only drawback to the graduation exercises on Thursday was the heavy rain. Despite the fact that the storm curtailed the efforts at decoration, the stage was effective with its always beautiful green background and masses of white lilacs and ferns.

The program was as follows:—

March.

Invocation.

Music.

Latin Salutatory,

*MARIAN ABBIE MANSFIELD.

The Monroe Doctrine,

**HOWARD EDWIN TYLER.

Class Oration—Vincit Qui Se Vincit,

*EDWARD HEUBERT BROWN.

Helen Keller,

**VERA LUCILLE HOLT.

Class History,

EDLA ELIZA KENDALL.

Music.

Address to Undergraduates,

*PERCY E. FARNHAM.

Famous Women of History,

**HELEN MAY BAKER.

Presentation of Class Gift,

MILDRED PERRY BOSSERMAN.

Acceptance of Gift,

HON. A. E. HERRICK.

Music.

Mexico and the United States,

**PHILIP DANA WIGHT.

Class Prophecy,

EFFIE BEATRICE BERNIER.

Yellowstone National Park,

**ALTON FRANK BARTLETT.

Class Will,

HAROLD WALTER CHANDLER.

The Statue of Liberty,

**JOHN M. HARRINGTON.

Music.

Presentation of Class Gifts,

MABEL FLORA BEAN.

The Industrial War in Colorado,

**LEROY WALTER HAMLIN.

Valedictory Address,

*MARGARET CHASE HERRICK.

Music.

Conferring of Diplomas.

Award of Scholarships.

Singing Class Ode.

Benediction.

*Honor Part.

**Excused.

CLASS ODE.

Words and Music by

MARGARET EVELYN HERRICK.

Four years we've met together,

At the ringing of the bell;

Through fair and cloudy weather,

We've learned our lessons well;
 But now our task is finished,
 And we say "Good-bye," for aye;
 But the memories ne'er shall leave us,
 Of the days at dear G. A.

CHORUS.

Dear Gould's, farewell to you,
 And to our classmates dear;
 May we ne'er forget the happy hours
 We've spent together here;
 To the lessons thou hast taught us,
 May we evermore be true;
 It grieves our hearts today to sing
 Our farewell song to you.

The future stands before us,
 And we've much hard work to do;
 But God is watching o'er us,
 And will always help us through,
 If He should ever will it,
 That our future paths should meet,
 We know the thoughts of dear old Gould's
 Would bring remembrance sweet.

The parts were all well taken. It was universally conceded that some were, in substance and in manner of rendering, of very exceptional merit.

On Thursday evening the Commencement Concert was given. Mrs. Wynifred Staples Smith, Soprano Soloist; M. Josaphat Morin, Violinist; Mr. John Y. Scruton, Cellist; Miss Verne Ashe Noyes, Pianist; Miss Marghreta Gagnon, Reader.

PROGRAM.

Salut d'Amour,	Elgar
TRIO.	
Reading,	
MISS GAGNON.	
A Gipsy Maiden,	Parker
MRS. SMITH.	
Elegie Andante, Op. 5,	Schravefande
MR. SCRUTON.	
Reading,	
MISS GAGNON.	
My Laddie,	Thayer

MRS. SMITH.

Walther's Prize Song from die Meister-singer,
 Wagner

MR. MORIN.

Reading,

MISS GAGNON.

Extase,

Ganne

TRIO.

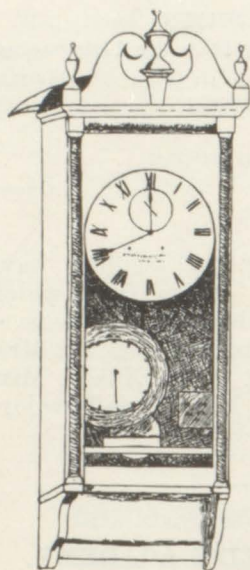
Friday evening the Seniors gave their reception in Odeon Hall, which was largely attended and pronounced a delightful success. Patronesses: Mrs. W. O. Straw, Mrs. O. M. Mason, Miss Mary H. True and Mrs. Davis Lovejoy.

GIFT TO GOULD'S ACADEMY.

Since the last issue of the Herald gifts have been received from Mrs. Delia E. Holden of Cleveland, Ohio, in the form of a valuable stereoptican and a large number of slides, several large framed pictures of foreign views, also about two thousand volumes from the private library of her late husband, Hon. L. E. Holden, Gould's greatest benefactor. The books include books of travel, history, biography, literature, science, art and education, and make a much-needed and very valuable addition to our school library.

Additional book-cases have been installed in the library and the books are being systematically catalogued under the efficient direction of Miss Pratt. The pictures have been hung in the dining room and reception room at Holden Hall, and the stereoptican will be used in the history and science classes.

The thanks of all friends of the school are extended to Mrs. Holden for these generous gifts.



Under
The
School
Clock

"Play tag!"

* * * *

"Gum for two!"

* * * *

"Charles, you teach!"

* * * *

"Wake up, boys, wake up!"

* * * *

"Where did you get that alarm clock?"

* * * *

"I smell orange!"

* * * *

The Sophomores saw something green
They thought it was the Freshman
Class,

But as they nearer to it drew
It proved to be a looking glass.

* * * *

"A tall, meagre, cadaverous looking
priest." (Guess who.)

Junior French.—"Je descendis
a terre."

Miss Chap. translating.—"I descend-
ed to earth."

Well, Florence, where had you been?

* * * *

Virgil.—Heu fuge, nate dea.

H. Chap.—O fly! thou son of a god-
dess.

* * * *

French I.—Miss Pratt.—"Mme. D.
qui pleure?"

Miss D.—"Je pleure."

Mr. I.—"Ne pleure pas, mon petit
ami."

* * * *

Eng. III.—"Why did Franklin re-
turn from France at this time?"

Mr. Mundt.—"He had a chance to
work in a store."

* * * *

Algebra II.—Mr. Moore.—"Can you
solve those problems?"

Miss E.—"I'm not positive sure."

* * * *

Eng. IV.—"How do you feel when
you look at anything symmetrical and
beautiful in nature, Mr. Kendall for in-
stance?" (And we wondered what
she meant.)

* * * *

Scene in Senior English. Describing
the English Hunt.

Mr. Cole. (Sarcastically).—"First
they let out a little tame rabbit."

Miss Herrick.—"Yes, and then the
people follow mounted on hounds."

* * * *

Prof. Moore.—"Please take your
seats at the board."

* * * *

A member of the French I Class
stated the other day that she was forty-
five years old. Who would have
thought it, Blanche?"

Eng. III.—Miss Herrick.—“What kind of a man might Jonathan Edwards have been instead of a minister?”

Mr. Mundt.—“A spider man.”

* * * *

Am. History.—Mr. H.—“What became of John Hawkins?”

Miss W.—“He died.”

* * * *

Am. History.—Miss W.—“Who was the hero of Quebec?”

Miss M.—“I don't remember.”

Miss W.—“The same name as that of a fierce animal, Miss M.”

Miss M.—“Oh yes, General Lion.”

* * * *

French II.—Miss Pratt.—“Why was Majorin at the station?”

Miss E.—“I don't know. I guess he was a boarder.”

* * * *

French II.—“Mon pere a manque de se tuer!”

Trans.—Miss Chap.—“My father has heart failure!”

* * * *

Eng. III.—Miss Herrick.—“What was the purpose of William and Mary's College?”

Mr. Mundt.—“To make ministers.”

* * * *

There is to be a Glee Club organized in the near future. Further explanation will be given at a later date.

* * * *

Mr. M. quoting.—“Merchant of Venice,” in Eng. III.—“I am Sir Oracle, and when I open my lips let no man bow-wow.”

* * * *

“Cicero was banished on a charge of percussion.” (We learn something every day.)

French II.—“Je vais y rever en mettant mes chaussons.”

Trans.—Miss M.—“I will think of it while putting on my stockings.”

* * * *

Heard in French II.—

“S'essuyant le front.”—rushing to the front.

“Prenant M. Perrichon a part—taking Perrichon apart.”

* * * *

Physics.—Mr. Moore.—“It certainly makes a very efficient machine.”

Mr. K.—“What I want to know is, ‘What is a fishing machine?’”

* * * *

Physics.—Mr. Moore.—“How do you explain the attraction between two bodies?”

Mr. K.—“They just stand and stare at each other.”

* * * *

One of the Freshmen produced this interesting bit of information:—

“Cheops was noted for the translation of the three languages upon clay tablets. He translated them into English.

Another Freshman told us that the ancient Babylonians used guns.

* * * *

French II.—Miss Pratt.—What is a big lie Mr. N?”

Mr. N.—“Why, an exaggerated truth.”

—————

When love is strong

It never tarries to take heed,

Or know if its return exceed

Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,

No strife belongs.

—Helen Hunt Jackson.



SCHOOL NOTES.

School opened September 15, with same teachers as last year.

The following new students entered the Academy during the Fall term:—

Naomi Smith,
Mary Gorman,
Yvonne Brown,
Alice Brown,
Ruth Brown,
Ruth Berry,
Frances Baker,
Helen Clark,
Marjorie Allen,
Kathryn Hanscom,
Elsie Garey,
Gladys Spearrin,
Cleo Swett,
Dorothy Hutchins,
Edith Somerville,
Jennie Bean,
Herbert Bean,
Hattie Knight,
Myrtle Wilson,
Virgil Wight,
Vivian Hutchins,
Eugene Van Den Kerckhoven,
William Hastings,
Robert Hastings,
Gordon Allen,
Roger Sloan,
Elmer Bean,
George Ellingwood,
Harry Young,
Alton Hutchinson,
Paul Berry.

Herbert Bean and Gerald Rand join-

ed the Sophomore class at the beginning of the fall term.

The following alumni recently visited the Academy:—Mildred Bosserman, Methel Packard, Margaret C. Herrick, Edla Kendall, Viola Bartlett, Alton Bartlett and Howard Tyler.

On Thursday evening, October 7, the first social of the year was given by the Seniors in honor of the Freshmen. The gym was very prettily decorated with autumn leaves, and refreshments of punch and fancy crackers were served during the evening. A delightful evening was enjoyed by all present.

On Wednesday evening, October 1, Prof. Geo. N. Cross gave a stereoptican lecture on "Saint Peter's, The Vatican Palace and the Pope," in the Assembly room of the Academy. On Thursday evening, October 15, Prof. Cross gave another lecture on "Belgium, the Battleground of Europe." Both lectures were very instructive and interesting, and the pictures were unusually good. These lectures were under the auspices of the Senior Class and were well attended.

The Mother Goose social given Thursday evening, Nov. 5, under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A., was well attended. Prizes were taken by Miss Pratt, Geo. Ellingwood, Gerald Rand and Roger Sloan. An interesting reading was given by Principal Hanscom, after which games were played. Refreshments of cocoa and sandwiches were served.

New shelves have been placed in the Academy to accommodate the many books recently contributed from the private library of the late L. E. Holden of Cleveland, Ohio.

Thursday evening, November 12, Prof. Tubbs of Bates College gave a lecture on "Mexico, Sights and In-

sights," in the assembly room of the Academy. This lecture was under the auspices of the Columbian Club. The students were admitted free. This is the first of the series of lectures which are to be given by the Club.

Officers for the different school organizations for the ensuing year are as follows:—

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION.

President,	James A. Hayford.
Vice-President,	Muriel S. Park.
Secretary,	Marian T. Pratt.
Treasurer,	Harold C. Chapman.
Auditor,	Frank E. Hanscom.

Board of Control.

Frank E. Hanscom,	Ex-officio,
James A. Hayford,	Muriel S. Park,
Marian T. Pratt,	Ernestine Philbrook,
Leo Cole,	John H. Moore,
Charles E. Small,	Kathryn Hanscom,
Harold C. Chapman,	Harry N. Young.

Y. M. C. A.

President,	Leo Cole.
Vice-President,	James A. Hayford.
Secretary,	Frank A. Bean.
Treasurer,	Harold C. Chapman.
Faculty Adviser,	Frank E. Hanscom.

Y. W. C. A.

President,	Gladys E. Davis.
Vice-President,	Ethel Cole.
Secretary,	Mabel Bailey.
Treasurer,	Eva Bartlett.
Faculty Adviser,	Marian T. Pratt.

BASE-BALL ASSOCIATION.

Manager,	John H. Moore.
Captain,	Not yet elected.

BOYS' BASKET-BALL ASSOCIATION.

First Team.

Manager,	John H. Moore
Captain,	Charles E. Small.

Second Team.

Captain,	Harry N. Young.
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CLASS OFFICERS.

Senior Class.

President,	Frank Bean.
Vice-President,	Harrie Brown.
Treasurer and Secretary,	Eva Bartlett.

Junior Class.

President,	James Hayford.
Vice-President,	Harold Chapman.
Treasurer and Secretary,	Florence Chapman.

Sophomore Class.

President,	Harris Hamlin.
Vice-President,	Herbert Bean.
Treasurer,	Ruby Ashby.
Secretary,	Annie Cummings.

Freshman Class.

President,	Robert Hastings.
Vice-President,	Virgil Wight.
Treasurer,	Dorothy Hutchins.
Secretary,	Myrtle Wilson.

HOLDEN HALL NOTES.

"Where was Moses when the light went out?"

"For the love of John!"

"Oh cook!"

"Fat chance!"

"Gorry!"

"Oh joy!"

During the absence of two of the girls on the third floor, Miss Pratt discovered who made all the noise, for all was quiet during that time.

Ida Packard is spending the winter at Holden Hall.

From half past six to seven Miss Whitmore devotes her time to the girls, teaching them fancy work.

Laurant Pingree does the janitor work at Holden Hall this year, and keeps the rooms warm especially for the girls.

Once each week the Holden Hall students dance in the dining room after supper.

Eva Bartlett was obliged to be absent from school a week, for the removal of her tonsils.

Several books have been selected from the Holden collection for the use of the students of Holden Hall. The books have been placed in the reception room.

Stolen:—From the girls kitchen by a big yellow cat, or a small gray kitten, a piece of nice meat.

Stolen:—On the third floor by a little mouse, the thread which held a rosary.

THE JUNIOR CLASS.

Our class is small but loyal
To the Orange and the Blue.
We make up for our numbers
By having hearts so true.

We came with good intentions,
Having twenty-six in all,
But we've lost a goodly number,
That's what makes our class so small.

We spend at least one half our time
Low bending o'er a bench,
And plugging, plugging, plugging,
To translate that awful French.

The Normal girls all have a cinch,
They think it fun to teach;

Not so with Junior English,
Shakespeare comes hard to each.

Algebra was not difficult,
Beginning at the first;
But if we master all of it,
Our heads will surely burst.

Our Latin representatives,
George Mundt and Mr. Head,
Say they have marched with Caesar,
'Till they are nearly dead.

The class of 1916
Has got a lot of sense,
And here to Herald readers,
I'll give the class' contents.

We'll begin with Hazel Arno,
Then Norton we'll put down,
He's been a woman-hater,
Ever since he struck the town.

For three we'll use Miss Chapman,
And we'll link her name with Ruth,
At one time both were smitten
On the same unhappy youth.

Mr. Head and Mr. Farwell,
Mr. Hayford, Chapman, Howe,
We haven't time to dwell on,
And so we'll leave them now.

Miss Morrill is a dreadful flirt,
Miss Rabideau a smiler,
Her smiles are meant for only one,
And that a Mr. Tyler.

And now the last but not the least,
Comes Sir George August Mundt;
When Fats and Runts played basket ball,
He was a little (?) Runt.

This verse is long and tedious,
But I've done my very best,
And now I'll leave the Juniors
To have a little rest.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A is still a potent factor in the Academy life. Five new names have been added to our list of members. They are: Herbert Bean, Virgil Wight, George Ellingwood, Robert Hastings and William Hastings. By a vote of the members the meetings were changed so as to come every other week. The leaders for the term have been: Mr. Hanscom, Mr. Moore, Mr. Frank Bean, Rev. T. C. Chapman, Mr. Harrie Brown and Mr. Leo Cole.

We have a committee working on a mock trial which will be held in the winter term. There will also be several debates.

Y. W. C. A.

The Young Woman's Christian Association began its work this fall with the following officers, elected last spring:

President,	Gladys E. Davis.
Vice-President,	Ethel M. Cole.
Treasurer,	Eva F. Bartlett.
Secretary,	Ethel M. Cole.
Religious Meetings Committee,	
	Ermine Rabideau, Chairman.
Missionary Committee,	
	Hazel J. Arno, Chairman.
Social Committee,	
	Mabel V. Bailey, Chairman.

Meetings have been held regularly on Wednesdays at 4.15 and have been well attended and interesting. The subjects of the meetings, as arranged by the Religious Meetings Committee have included two on the "Women of the Bible," and several on the general subject of "China." This country was taken up for special study because our representative at Silver Bay, Miss

Davis, made a study of it there. At one meeting Mrs. Gehring told us of a Mohammedan girls' school which she visited in Egypt. The girls enjoyed her talk and hereby express hearty appreciation of her kindness.

Seven new members have, so far, been added from the Freshman class and it is expected that others will join later.

Under the leadership of the Missionary Committee we have made books of post cards and sent them, through the kindness of Mabel Bean, '14, to the Children's Hospital in Portland. At Christmas time cards were sent to some of the shut-ins. At the close of the term a package of clothing was sent to a needy family in Albany.

The chief accomplishment of last year was the sending of one delegate to the Student Conference at Silver Bay, June 19 to 29. A report of this has already been published. Our aim this year is to send two delegates to Silver Bay next June. For this purpose we have already been endeavoring to raise money. In October we held a social which netted about seven dollars. Near the close of the term the girls made and sold candy on Tuesdays at recess. This brought in two dollars and thirty cents. At Christmas time one thousand Christmas post cards were purchased, and sold at a profit of about six dollars. We already have more money on hand than at the same time last year.

This winter we plan to continue the sale of candy and in various other ways earn something towards the Silver Bay fund. We hope to have some college women to give us a talk as was done last year. Altogether, the outlook is promising for a useful and prosperous year in Y. W. C. A. work.



ATHLETICS

BASE BALL.

Owing to the condition of the grounds, resulting in lack of practice our base-ball team did not make a very good showing for the season of 1914, but although team work was lacking, excellent individual plays were numerous. With earlier practice and more united interest we ought to develop a team next year that will give a good account of itself.

Below is a detailed account of the games played last season.

Gould's played their first game at South Paris, April 25. The team did exceedingly well considering the practice they had had.

PARIS H. S.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Edwards, 2b.,	4	1	1	3	3	0
L. Bartlett, 3b.,	4	0	1	0	0	0
Winslow, lf.,	4	0	1	1	0	0
Brooks, cf.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Merrill, 1b.,	3	1	1	0	0	0
Wight, rf.,	4	1	1	8	0	1
Bonney, ss.,	4	1	0	0	1	1
Perdy, c.,	4	1	0	13	1	2
Penfold, p.,	2	1	0	0	3	0
Dunham, rf., sub.,						

Totals,	36	6	5	26	8	4
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GOULD'S ACADEMY.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Howe, p.,	4	0	0	0	4	0
Chapman, ss.,	4	0	0	1	0	1
Chandler, c.,	3	0	1	7	1	0
Hayford, 2b.,	4	0	0	3	3	0
Hamlin, 3b.,	4	0	1	2	0	2
Farnham, 1b.,	3	0	0	8	0	1
Bean, rf.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
C. Bartlett, lf.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Norton, cf.,	4	0	1	3	0	0

Totals,	34	0	3	24	8	4
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Score by innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
P. H. S.,	0	3	0	0	0	0	3	0	x—6
G. A.,	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—0

Two base hits, L. Bartlett, Edwards. Stolen bases, Edwards, Wight, L. Bartlett, Hamlin, Norton, Hayford. First base on balls, off Penfold 2, off Howe 1. Struck out, by Penfold 15; by Howe 6. Left on bases, P. H. S. 5; G. A. 9. Hit by pitched ball, by Howe, Penfold. Umpires, F. Shaw, Arno. Scorer, Thayer.

Gould's played Mechanic Falls High School at Mechanic Falls on May 2. There was a dispute about the score, Gould's score book showing a result of 9 to 7.

Gould's lost to Mechanic Falls in the first game of the season on the home

grounds, May 16. Gould's turned in some good individual plays, and showed promise of something better than this game realized. The lack of coaching, and the short season of practice were much in evidence. Errors and misplays came when they did the most harm, and hits failed when most needed.

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Howe, p.,	5	2	1	2	6	0
Chapman, 2b.,	5	0	0	3	1	0
Chandler, c.,	4	1	0	7	3	1
Hayford, ss.,	4	1	1	1	1	0
Farnham, 1b.,	2	2	1	12	2	1
Hamlin, 3b.,	4	1	1	1	2	2
Bean, lf.,	4	0	3	0	1	0
Norton, cf.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Cummings, rf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals,	35	7	7	27	16	4

MECHANIC FALLS.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Brown, cf.,	5	1	0	2	0	0
Woodsum, 3b.,	5	0	0	0	2	1
Russell, p.,	6	1	2	1	6	0
Millett, 1b.,	5	1	0	14	0	0
Tracy, lf.,	5	1	3	2	0	1
Harmon, ss.,	5	0	1	1	1	1
Goss, c.,	4	2	1	5	1	1
Spiller, 2b.,	4	2	3	2	3	0
Chipman, rf.,	3	1	0	0	0	0
Keene, rf.,	2	0	1	0	0	0
Totals,	44	9	11	27	13	4

Score by innings:

Gould's,	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	—7
Mechanic Falls,	2	0	0	4	0	0	3	0	—9

Two base hit, Russell. Bases on balls, off Howe 2; off Russell 3. Struck out, by Howe 7; Russell 5. Wild pitch, Howe. Passed ball, Goss. First base on errors, Gould's 3; Mechanic Falls 2. Time of game, 1 hour, 35 minutes. Umpires, Hastings and Stanley.

The error column tells the story of the disaster when Norway High School came to Bethel, May 29. Of course the base hits are interesting, but with stiffer defensive play on the part of Gould's the boys from down the line would not have had so many chances to show what they could do with Howe's delivery. Nine Norway men got to first on errors and when they got first they showed that sprinting was a part of their job, for every time but one that a base came by gift they stole another.

For the visitors Shepard starred, accepting eight chances in the field without error and turning in three runs and two hits. Haskell was high line on run getting with four tallies and three clean hits. McDaniels caught well, and Klain fielded his position well except for one bad throw which let in two of Gould's scores.

Hayford of Gould's made the best individual plays for his side. Chandler's steady work as backstop won approval and Howe kept the hits few and scattered through the early part of the game and fielded well throughout.

The real heart break came in the first of the fifth, when three bases on balls and two stellar miscues in the field gave Norway five runs and made the game sure to them.

GOULD'S ACADEMY.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Howe, p.,	4	1	2	1	4	0
Chapman, 2b.,	4	2	1	1	1	1
Chandler, c.,	2	1	0	7	0	1
Hayford, ss.,	4	0	1	3	3	1
Farnham, 1b.,	4	0	1	11	2	0
Hamlin, 3b.,	4	0	0	0	2	1
Bean, lf.,	4	0	0	1	0	0
Norton, cf.,	4	0	0	3	0	3
C. Bartlett, rf.,	4	0	1	0	0	2
Totals,	34	4	6	27	12	9

NORWAY HIGH.

	ab.	r.	bh.	po.	a.	e.
Klain, p.,	6	2	2	3	7	1
McDaniels, c.,	6	0	2	3	2	0
Snow, lf.,	6	1	0	0	0	0
Shephard, 2b.,	5	3	2	4	4	0
Thomas, cf.,	6	0	0	1	0	0
Hosmer, ss.,	5	0	1	1	0	1
Chute, rf.,	3	1	0	1	0	0
Andrews, rf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Bethel, lb.,	3	2	1	14	1	1
Haskell, 3b.,	5	4	3	0	1	0
Totals,	46	13	11	27	15	3

First base on balls, off Howe 4; off Klain 2. Struck out, by Howe 5; Klain 2. Left on bases, Gould's 4; Norway High 9. First base on errors, Gould's 1; Norway High 9. Double Play, Farnham to Hayford. Time of game, 1 hour, 40 minutes. Umpires, Carter and Hastings.

Score by innings:

Gould's,	1	0	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—4
Norway,	1	0	1	1	5	1	2	0	2—13

The annual alumni game was played June 5, at Alumni Field.

The score was Alumni 6, Gould's 3.

BASKET BALL.

Prospects for a good basket ball team look very bright this year. Although as the result of a dislocated shoulder at the beginning of the season, Capt. Small is out of the lineup, he is still with us as our leader.

The second team under Capt. Young is giving the first team good practice and we hope to have a better team than last year.

The following schedule has been arranged, and it can be seen that Gould's will play some of the fastest teams in the State:

Dec. 4—Norway at Bethel.
 Dec. 11—Town Team at Bethel.
 Dec. 18—Gould's at Rumford.
 Jan. 8—Norway at Norway.
 Feb. 12—Westbrook High at Bethel.
 Jan. 22—Open.
 Jan. 29—Rumford at Bethel.
 Feb. 5—Open.
 Feb. 12—Westbrook High at Bethel.
 Feb. 19—Westbrook Sem. at Portland.
 Feb. 20—Westbrook High at Portland.

A BOY'S PRAYER.

Give me clean hands, clean words,
 and clean thoughts; help me to stand
 for the hard right against the easy
 wrong; save me from habits that harm;
 teach me to work as hard and play as
 fair in Thy sight alone as if all the
 world saw; forgive me when I am un-
 kind, and help me to forgive those who
 are unkind to me; keep me ready to
 help others at some cost to myself;
 send me chances to do a little good
 every day, and so grow more like
 Christ.

Pres. Wm. DeWitt Hyde.

"He has no enemies," you say;
 My friend, your beast is poor.
 He who hath mingled in the fray
 Of duty that the brave endure,
 Must have made foes! If he has none
 Small is the work that he has done.
 He has hit no traitor on the hip,
 He has cast no cup from perjured lip,
 He has never turned the wrong to right;
 He has been a coward in the fight.



EXCHANGES.

The list of exchanges, which have been received for this issue of our Academy Herald, is as follows:—

“The Hebron Semester,” Hebron Academy.

“The Caduceus,” Norway High School.

“The Nautilus,” Waterville High School.

“The Par-Sem,” Parsonfield Seminary.

“The Stranger,” Bridgton Academy.

“The Bates Student,” Bates College.

“The Maine Campus,” U. of M.

These papers are all of excellent quality and will always be welcomed by the Herald.

We hope that in the next issue we may acknowledge a still longer list of exchanges from other schools.

Silently one by one,
In the note books of the teachers,
Blossom the lovely zeros,
The for-get-me-notes of the Seniors.
Ex.

Teacher.—“Fools may ask questions that wise men cannot answer.”

Senior.—“I guess that is why so many of us flunk.”—Ex.

The night before Exams:—

Now I lay me down to rest,

For to-morrow is an awful test.

If I should die before I wake,

I'll have no more exams to take.

Ex.

“You can lead a horse to water,
But you cannot make him drink,
You can ride a Latin Pony,
But you cannot make him think.”

Ex.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garnered fruit,
That, rotting inward, slowly moulders all.
—Tennyson.

Things that are learned from the science class:

The brain is divided into two parts,
the Eastern and Western hemisphere.

There are convulsions on the brain.

The brain is about the size of an English Walnut.

Some people have an oblong garter in the brain.

Air weighs fifteen pounds to the cubic inch.



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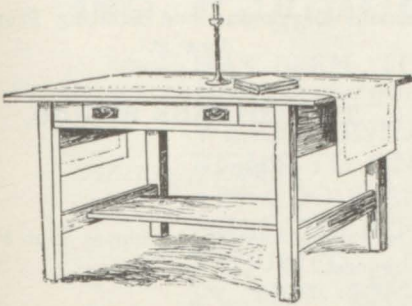
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